

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

ROBERT BURNS

Moderato

mf

1. Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes; Flow
 2. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And

cresc. *dim.*

gent - ly, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy
 winds by the cot where my Ma - ry re - sides; There, oft, as mild ev' - ning weeps

cresc. *dim.* *mf*

mur - mur - ing stream; Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou
 o - ver the lea, Thy sweet - scent - ed groves shade my Ma - ry and me. Flow

dove, whose soft ech - o re - sounds from the hill, Thou green - crest - ed
 gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes, Flow gent - ly, sweet

cresc. *rit.* *a tempo*

lap - wing, with noise loud and shrill, Ye wild whist - ling war - blers, your
 riv - er, the theme of my lays; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy

cresc. *dim.*

mu - sic for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not the slum - ber - ing fair.
 mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

Comin' Thro' The Rye

ROBERT BURNS

SCOTCH SONG

Moderato

mf

Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy com - in' thro' the rye, Gin
 Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy com - in' frae the town, Gin
 A - mong the train there is a swain I dear - ly lo'e my - sel' But

mf

a — bo - dy kiss a bo - dy need a bo - dy cry?
 a — bo - dy greet a bo - dy need a bo - dy frown?
 where's his home and what his name I din - na care to tell!

Ev' - ry las - sie has her lad - die, nane they say, — hae I, Yet

a' the lads they smile at me when com - in' through the rye.